

## DEATH IN ITS WAKE.

SEVERAL PERSONS ARE KILLED BY A CYCLONE.

New Orleans Suffers Damages to the Extent of \$100,000—And at Many Points in Mississippi, Oklahoma and Indian Territory Lives Are Lost.

### Disaster in the Southwest.

About 4:30 o'clock Thursday afternoon a cyclone struck New Orleans on the river front, just above Peniston street, and swept over a distance of about a mile and a half, or thirty blocks from Peniston street to Robin street, the track of the storm being about 1,500 feet wide from the river to Annunciation street. The first building damaged was the Independence oil mill, situated at the head of Peniston street. It was unroofed and building and contents damaged to the amount of \$6,000. The conveyers of the new elevator of the Illinois Central Railroad were slightly damaged and John White Meyer and John J. Buck, employed at the elevator, were severely injured. Hundreds of buildings in the track of the storm were damaged, many being partly unroofed and chimneys prostrated, trees uprooted and fences blown down. The storm-swept section of the city is in darkness, owing to the prostration of electric light wires, and details of the damage are difficult to obtain. Some lives were reported lost at first, but these reports have not been verified. The property loss is estimated at \$100,000.

Tensas Parish, La., was visited by a destructive cyclone at 12 o'clock. At Lake St. Joseph the large brick gin on the Mount plantation belonging to Joseph Curry was practically destroyed. Twelve cabins on Locust Island were completely demolished, and one colored woman was instantly killed and several were blown into the lake. At Johnson's Bend, on Lake St. Joseph, leased by A. Bland, the gin house containing a quantity of hay, was totally wrecked. Three barns containing corn were also destroyed and a great deal of the corn was blown away. Six cabins were in its path and all were blown to pieces. Telegraph and telephone wires are down and the public road on Lake St. Joseph front is covered with fragments of houses, furniture, clothing, cotton, corn and household effects. Two colored men and two colored women and a baby were drowned in Lake Bruen, where they were carried by the wind.

The storm passed through the outskirts of the town of Delay, Miss., and demolished several houses. The house of Milton Eskridge was blown away, but his wife and seven children who were in the house miraculously escaped with slight bruises. The extent of the damage cannot be given. Not a tree was left standing in the cyclone's path.

A cyclone swept over a stretch of country about twenty miles east of Guthrie, O. T., at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday night, devastating a district several miles long and probably a hundred yards wide. The farmhouse of William Toby was first in the path of the storm. The building was destroyed and Toby was probably fatally injured. The other members of his family escaped. Half a mile further north the Mitchell postoffice and store was lifted bodily into the air, carried a hundred yards and dashed to the earth. The building was smashed into splinters, and Postmaster M. L. Mullin and his wife, who lived in the building, were killed. They died clasped in each other's arms. Two sticks were driven through Mr. Mullin's skull, but there was not a scratch on the body of his wife. The Mullins came from Rock Island, Ill. The farmhouse of Abner Jones was also wrecked and many smaller buildings were destroyed, trees uprooted and crops ruined.

Rumors are current that the same storm did frightful damage further northeast, in Payne County, and that several persons were killed. There was a tremendous fall of rain, and considerable damage was done by washouts and the carrying off of crops.

At Wewoka, I. T., the cyclone destroyed Gov. Brown's store, a new church and four other buildings. Several persons were hurt, but none seriously. At mine No. 12, near Krebs, it is reported five people were killed. In Lincoln County Mr. and Mrs. John McLaughlin have been found dead in the ruins of their home, and Harrison Jones will die of his injuries.

### MET A TRAGIC END.

Sultan's Councilor of State Assassinated by Armenians.

Nouri Effendi, who has been assassinated by Armenians in Constantinople, was a bitter enemy of the persecuted race of Christians. The Sultan is deeply grieved at his death. That Nouri would meet a tragic end had been feared and predicted. No man in the Sultan's cabinet was more outspoken in his enmity to the Armenians, and no one did more to render their condition unbearable. As Councilor of State he possessed great power, which he used to further the ends of his imperial and cruel master. It was he who successfully plotted the overthrow of the Armenian patriarch, Izmirlian. The successor of this patriarch as the head of the Armenian church is Mgr. Bartolomeos, the Gregorian bishop of Brusa. He was the locum tenens of that high office pending the election of a permanent patriarch, and is highly esteemed by the Turks, for whom he has shown great friendship. Bartolomeos is detested and distrusted by the Armenians, who have felt all the more keenly their accursed condition when their religious head is an open enemy of theirs and an avowed friend to the Sultan and his Mohammedan following. Nouri Effendi was known among the Armenians as the prime mover in the plot that removed the old patriarch, and his death is regarded as a warning to the Sultan to be prepared for the end that has come to many predecessors.

### News of Minor Note.

Miss Maude Hatfield, 15 years old, was accidentally shot in the arm by Frank Lewis at Kingsley, Mich. The limb was amputated.

The Washington mills, which form one of the largest cotton dress goods manufacturing firms in Lawrence, Mass., were badly damaged by fire.

Emma Field, victim of Robelia Starke, who shot her because she refused to accompany him home from a political meeting, died at her home at Jeffersonville, Ind.

## DEFYING THE CUSTOM OF AGES.

Daring Woman in Germany Rides on Top of an Omnibus.

On my way from the Leipzig strasse to the exhibition, while sitting on the top of a tram car, a young lady of some 17 summers, with a fine, intelligent and unmistakably Jewish face, came on and sat herself beside me. The maiden blushed as maiden never blushes before, and my curiosity was aroused to its highest point when I noticed every person on the car stare at her with a smile of approbation. Nay, more, on the route people stopped and looked at her. Men raised their hats and women raised their handkerchiefs. Indeed, children looked through the windows and kept their eyes fixed on the top of my tram till they could see it no more. What could all this mean? That the young Jewess at my side was the woman of the hour, a person whom Berlin was idolizing, some public benefactress to whom the denizens of the capital were giving evidence of their thorough appreciation and heartfelt gratitude, was patent to all who had eyes to see. What, then, was her heroic deed? Why did every person on the car say most cordially, "Ich gratuliere Ihnen, fraulein," when the lady was about to descend?

The solution of the mystery was as singular as it was amusing. It had, by the vigorous laws and customs of the Teutons, been denied, until the morning in question, to the fair sex to ascend the steps of an omnibus or tram car throughout the length and breadth of Germany. Some of the many women of Berlin, gasping for franchise as well as for fresh air in the summer months, declared that they had tolerated long enough the cruelty of being pent up in a tram car full of their own sex while the men were above enjoying the delightful summer breeze. They sent deputations and petitioned the powers that be to break once and forever a law unworthy of enlightened Germany. Some of the newspapers volleyed and thundered against such innovations. "Oh, for the degeneracy of the fatherland," they sighed. But at length the ladies had their way—as ladies always will—and the great privilege was reserved for me to sit beside the young Jewess whose name ought to be handed down to posterity as probably the first female in Germany who was bold enough to ascend the steps of a tram car.—London Telegraph.

### Spontaneous Fires.

Varnish and turpentine cans placed too near the stove in cold weather are liable to explode and catch fire.

Lampblack has been known to take fire spontaneously.

Oiled or greasy rags have been seen to blaze up in a few minutes after having been thrown on the floor.

Dried rubbish exposed to the heat of the sun's rays has been seen to catch fire under circumstances that rendered any other cause impossible.

The sun's rays focused through a window pane on a plank in the floor containing pine sap have been known to set it on fire.

Sawdust used for cleaning floors or absorbing spilled oil and varnish should be removed from the building.

Sawdust accumulations around journals of machinery are prolific sources of fires.

Matches in the pockets of cast-off clothing are dangerous.

### Met an Old Friend.

"I cannot but admit my condition, your honor," said the dignified old gentleman who had been carried to the police station the night before in a state of collapse, "but the circumstances arose from my meeting an old friend of my younger days—an old friend from Kentucky."

"I have the honor of being a Kentuckian," said his honor, "and I will let you go. By the way, who was the old friend? He may be a friend of myself."

The dignified old gentleman first got himself near the door, and then said, in a soft voice:

"John Barleycorn." — Indianapolis Journal.

### Couldn't Afford It.

Mrs. Cobwigger—I know it would do me the world of good to go away for the summer, but I couldn't think of letting you stay in the city.

Cobwigger—Are you afraid of sunstroke?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Not at all.

Cobwigger—It can't be possible that you are jealous?

Mrs. Cobwigger—Of you? The idea! Cobwigger—Then what in the world can it be?

Mrs. Cobwigger—To tell you frankly, my dear, I don't think we can afford it. Just think what it means for a man to stay in town all summer who plays such a poor game of poker as you.—New York World.

### Elastic Truth.

"Why," said the youngster of the neophytes, "should truth always rise again when crushed to earth?"

"Because of its elasticity, of course," answered the cord-fed philosopher. "Don't you know how easy it is to stretch the truth?"—Indianapolis Journal.

### The Use of Tears.

It is probably not a very well known fact that the shedding of tears keeps the eyes cool. Such is the case, however, and no matter how hot the head may be so long as there are tears the eyes will be cool.

### Simple Enough.

Friend—Why is it that your son rides to business in a cab and you always go on a bus?

Old Man—Well, he has a rich father, and I have not.—London Tit-Bits.

People who are always chaperoned don't escape trouble any better than those who are not.

## NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

Some Remarks About Proposed Reforms in Spelling—The Youngest College President in This Country—Value of the Teacher's Personality.

### Spelling Reform.

Some months ago we referred to the persistent attempts now being made by certain advanced philologists, to deface and disfigure written and printed English by a "reform" in spelling, the foundation motive of which is alleged to be an economy of time in writing and typesetting. We then expressed our dislike of this projected reform, as dictated, in fact, more by a restlessness for change than by a solid desire for improvement. We see no reason to correct our view, then expressed, although we do not wish to include in this somewhat sweeping affirmation all those who give it their support. We are now in receipt of a new reminder that this reform is still upward and onward—a circular letter, with a list of weighty names accompanying; among which we remark that of a distinguished citizen of Newark, William Hayes Ward of the Independent. We are sorry to differ with Dr. Ward in this matter—but even with Dr. Ward and Max Muller, Prof. Sayce and a committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature—admittedly a body of scholars of high philological attainments and authority—against us, we feel that this reform is one to be resisted. We are accustomed to spell after the manner of the century, and expect to continue in that way.

We are aware, of course, that there have been some changes in spelling since 1800; not very many, however, and involving but a limited number of words, and with two or three small exceptions, none upon what may be called a system. One of these was the dropping of the "u" from favour, honour and the like. But a great many scholars and literary men did not like this change when made, and do not like it now. The best usage in England is to retain the "u," and some Americans retain it. Sidney Smith, who once lost some money in a Pennsylvania investment, was very sarcastic about this dropping of the "u." He said that the Americans were so fond of robbing the English, that they not only robbed their English creditors, but robbed also the language.

We attach a good deal of importance to the historical argument; that is to say, to the proposition that it is desirable to retain the historical forms of the written and printed words of the language, so far as that is possible; the historic forms, we mean, since the printing art gave them fixity. Moreover, there is a great deal to be said on the artistic side of the question. A skeleton is not a beautiful object, no matter of what it may be, and the general result of the reform spelling would soon be, if logically applied, a system of word skeletons of a hideous kind.

We first have launched, then "lanced," and now "lanct." We do not think much of "punct;" nor of "winkt"—still less of "rust," and less still of "bust" for "bussed"—to kiss or touch with the mouth; a really beautiful word, infamously profaned by the proposed new spelling. We have no liking whatever for "colleag." "Gaze!" looks poverty stricken; "trechry" is an abomination and "deth" more hateful than ever. Dropping the "e" from "misive," "captive," "nerve," and two or three hundred words of a like kind does not commend itself to us; but what shall be said of so shameless a proposition as a change of "love" into "luv"?

We might extensively multiply instances, but it is not worth while. We concede, of course, that in some cases—in very few, however—slight changes might, perhaps, be profitably made, but we will not be party to the systematic mutilations, involving hundreds of familiar words, proposed in the circular letter referred to.—Newark Advertiser.

### How to Read.

After all is said and done, the one and only secret of successful reading lies contained in one simple sentence. Make what you read your own. Not until what we read has become a part of our mental equipment, until it has been literally assimilated by the mind, made an integral and indivisible part of our sun of knowledge and wisdom, is what we read of any particular avail. Too much system is like too elaborate fishing-tackle; it is all very well for the experienced angler, but it seems useless and an affection in the amateur. First prove your skill and keenness, then elaborate your means at will. However, for a certain sort and a certain amount of system there is this much to be said—namely, that it is an excellent antidote to that insinuating and enervating habit of wholly desultory reading. "Wholly," because as Lord Idlesleigh has shown us, there is a desultory reading which is very profitable and not one whit pernicious.—Selected.

### Personality of the Teacher.

It is encouraging to note the stress which is being laid in these days upon the personality of the teacher as a factor in the education of the child. It would be well if much that is written and spoken on this phase of the teacher's qualifications could be brought to the notice of boards of education and of others having to do with the selection of teachers. There are many boards of education who are actuated by a sincere desire to secure none but the best teaching ability for the schools under their control, but who fail to appreciate the importance of those elements of character which exert so powerful an influence on the pupil in shaping his ideals of thought and conduct. If school committees and superintendents had a more vivid realization of Emerson's declaration that it makes very little what you study, but that it is in the highest degree important with whom you study, our schoolrooms would all soon become centers of inspiration and power. The fruitful contact of soul with soul, not the results that are tested by examinations, is the all-important thing, though there are hundreds, we feel justified in saying thousands, of schools in which the success of the teacher is judged entirely by the number of pupils who pass the prescribed examinations for promotion from one grade to another. "There flows from the living teacher," says Mr. Mable, "a power which no text-book can compass or contain—the power of liberating the imagination and setting the student free to become an original investigator. Text-books supply methods, information, and discipline; teachers impart the breath of life by giving us inspiration and impulse." How to get the public to appreciate these vital truths is not easy, and before we shall have a more enlightened public sentiment, much missionary work must be done.—Journal of Pedagogy.

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### Youngest College President.

John Huston Finley, President of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., to whose efforts is largely due the splendid success of the Lincoln-Douglas celebration, is the youngest college president in the country. He is himself an alumnus of Knox. Just five years after the college conferred the degree upon him young Mr. Finley returned to take his



JOHN HUSTON FINLEY.

place at its head and to direct all its movements. President Finley was born on a farm near Grand Ridge, Ill., thirty-three years ago. He was graduated in 1888, and went immediately to Johns Hopkins, where he spent two years in post-graduate work. He entered the department of political and economic science, and there became associated with such eminent men as Profs. Ely and Adams. His great ability and capacity for the absorption of knowledge was at once recognized by these educators, and they took a special interest in him. He was of much assistance to Prof. Ely in the preparation of the noted work on taxation in American States and cities, which was published early in 1889.

### Compulsory Education.

The compulsory education law of Pennsylvania does not seem to be a glittering success, especially so far as Philadelphia is concerned. The census lately taken shows a school population of 100,000 in round numbers between the ages of eight and thirteen, but the number in the schools is only a little over 65,000, showing that fully 33 per cent. are to be accounted for. The public schools are so crowded that many of those who do attend can secure only half-time accommodations. The fault lies not with the Board of Education, but with the city councils who seem to have made no effort whatever to make appropriations with which to provide the necessary school facilities, and the law is practically nullified.—Educational News.

### How the Corps Blundered.

The morgue in New York had a single customer (says the New York Sun), the body of an unknown man. At last recognition came. The telegraph summoned from Poughkeepsie seven brothers and sisters. Tears filled their eyes as they recognized the body of their father. High-priced undertakers came in, and no expense was spared for the burial. In moving the corpse to the handsome casket, the mouth flew open. Then one lovely daughter screamed: "This is not our father! See, he has no teeth! Our father had a head full of them!" It was too true. Without teeth he was not of their kith and kin. Out of the casket the corpse was hurried. The grand hearse moved away, and the mourners departed. The corpse and the attendant stood alone in the temple of death. It was too much for ordinary nature. Wrath gave way to pity, and shaking his fist at the corpse, the attendant shrieked in dismal majesty: "You miserable fool! Had you kept your mouth shut you might have had a first-class funeral!"

### Old Story, but Good.

Sir Andrew Clarke, while traveling in Italy, ascended a high tower one evening and found at the top another tourist, an Englishman. They chatted pleasantly for a few minutes, when suddenly the stranger seized Sir Andrew by the shoulders, and said quietly: "I am going to throw you over." The man was a maniac. The physician had only a moment in which to gather his thoughts, but that moment saved him. "Pooh," he replied, unconcernedly, "anybody can throw a man off the tower. If we were on the ground, you could not throw me up. That would be too difficult." "Yes, I could," retorted the maniac; "I could easily throw you up here from the ground. Let us go down and I will do it." The descent was accordingly made, during which Sir Andrew managed to secure help and release himself from his perilous situation.

## THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

The Veterans of the Rebellion Tell of Whistling Bullets, Bright Bayonets, Bursting Bombs, Bloody Battles, Camp Fire, Festive Baza, Etc., Etc.

### Gettysburg as It Now Looks.

The town of Gettysburg is given over to the battlefield. That is almost the only business and furnishes substantially the only occupation of the greater part of the people. The 3,600 inhabitants of the little shire town are mostly hotel keepers, photographers, guides and carriage drivers. The founders of the town could hardly have realized what sort of industry would eventually engross the attention of the people. They are very good-natured about it, and evidently live from one year's end to the other saturated in the atmosphere of the battle.

The artistic merits of the collection of monuments on the field of Gettysburg is matter of much controversy. Sometimes Gettysburg has been referred to as our national museum of monstrosities, or chamber of horrors. The idea of putting cemetery monuments all over a town, for a space of six miles long by two miles broad, is to many not a tasteful idea. Others declare that this city of memorials is wonderfully impressive, and could not in its line be excelled. To criticize the monuments themselves would be a large task, since there are no two designs alike. The equestrian statues of Hancock, Meade and Reynolds are quite as beautiful and artistic as anything of the kind in Washington, while some of the smaller monuments, like a few that might be found in Mount Auburn or Forest Hill, are a little short of being artistic. I was much amused by the comments of a party of Ohio men, returning from a druggists' convention somewhere, who were riding over the field. When they reached one monument at the base of which rests a bronze dog, representing a faithful animal that followed the regiment throughout the struggle, the guide told the story of the dog's fidelity with ponderous seriousness. Just as the party drove on a dog appeared running about, the exact counterpart in size, color and looks of the bronze memorial. The decorum of the druggists disappeared, and they shouted to the man standing beside the newly discovered canine: "Put him back; he belongs on the monument; he's just got down; we saw him there."

One of the most artistic endeavors of those having the field in charge is the attempt to keep things just as they were on the day of battle. Reynolds' grove, where the gallant soldier fell, is kept of the same size, and with the same kind of trees, and new ones are constantly planted, and the older growth thinned out, so that for all time Reynolds' grove may look as it did on the day that made for Gettysburg a spot on the map of the world. Old houses and barns that formed a part of the play are kept in place, and no new ones which would change the outlook are allowed to go up. This, of course, is done through wholesale purchase of land on the part of the Government, and each congress has before it a bill to buy still more territory. The highways about Gettysburg were taken out of the control of the town and given to the United States Government by special act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, but to this move the provincial inhabitants objected, even though it saved them thousands of dollars.

The guides of Gettysburg are rather ponderous in their style of diction. They dole out the accumulated folklore of thirty years concerning the battle, although the more enterprising ones keep abreast of the times and quote freely from "Hay and Nickleby," which confusion of names amused the author of the Lincoln biography when I told him he was passing in Gettysburg for the original Nicholas by that name.—Boston Transcript.

### Veteran Who Amputated His Legs.

John Wales January, the Illinois Union soldier, who is famous as the man who amputated both of his own legs with a pocket knife while in a rebel prison, was in Chicago recently having a new set of artificial limbs made by an orthopedist.

Mr. January, who is as fine looking and intelligent a man as any one could wish to meet, is now a farmer and stock raiser at Dell Rapids, S. D. He was for three years postmaster of the Illinois House of Representatives, has been tax collector of his town, and Department Inspector of the Grand Army of the Republic for South Dakota, and could have been State Senator if he had had any aspirations to political honors. His gait and carriage are still soldierly.

His story as related to a reporter was as follows:

"My grandfather was a Frenchman, who came to this country before the revolution and was the first settler on the site of what is now Lexington, Ky. My father was born in Kentucky, but removed first to Ohio and then to Illinois. I was born in Clinton County, Ohio, and moved to Minonk, Ill., in 1861. In the fall of 1862 I enlisted in Company B of the Fourteenth Illinois Cavalry, and served mostly in connection with the Army of the Cumberland. In July, 1864, while on Stoneman's raid from Atlanta to Macon, I was captured by six rebels and sent to Andersonville. When Atlanta fell I was taken to Charleston, S. C., where I remained during the winter of 1864-'65.

"In February, 1865, while at Florence, I was attacked with the swamp fever and was delirious for three weeks. When the fever abated scurvy and gangrene followed, and I was sent to the

gangrene hospital. The disease settled in my feet and ankles, and after some time they lost all sensibility and the flesh began to slough off. The surgeon gave me no attention and brutally told me I would die. I told him I would live if he would amputate my feet, but he refused to do it. So, after suffering a while longer, I concluded to amputate them myself.

"The only instrument I could procure was a pocket-knife belonging to a comrade named William Beatty. The large blade, one-half of which had been broken off, was all that was left of it, and with this I cut off both of my feet at the ankle. I had no assistance of any kind except in disarticulating the ankles, in which one of the boys gave me a little help. But when I got through the bones projected five inches beyond the flesh and so remained until after I was exchanged.

"The exchange occurred in April, 1865, and I was taken to Wilmington, N. C. The Union surgeons weighed me, and the 165 pounds of healthy flesh and bones I had taken into the service had changed to 45 pounds of such poor material that it was universally supposed I could not live. Nothing was done for me, and some time after I was sent to David's Island. On my way the bones of one leg broke off even with the flesh, and six weeks after my arrival the bone of the other leg did so. But never to this day was I given any surgical assistance whatever. One year later, when I was discharged from the service, I could hardly sit up in bed, but the stumps had begun to heal in a sound and healthy manner. It was twelve years afterward, however, before I was perfectly well. The Government has treated me well. I was given a pension of \$100 a month by a special act introduced by Senator Cullom, in place of the \$72 allowed by the general act."

### Lee's Cottage at Gettysburg.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's headquarters during the three days' battle at Gettysburg, reported to have been destroyed by fire, was a stone cottage. It stood on an eminence opposite Culp's Hill, and was occupied by him during the contest in which he was worsted. Built of stone, the house contained four



GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

rooms and an attic, and was embowered with trellis-trained grape vines. It was from this little cottage, built in colonial times, with high roof and diamond shaped window panes, that Gen. Lee directed his repeated assaults upon Cemetery Hill.

Col. Freeman Conner, who commanded the Forty-first New York Volunteers, tells the story of this little house as follows:

"Standing out in bold relief on the side of a hill, it was out of cannon reach, but from the movements of the Confederates we knew that their charges were inspired from this point. It was realized that Gen. Lee had his headquarters in the cottage, and, though no assault was made on the point, as we were on the defensive, it was from this cottage Pickett's charge was directed, his defeat witnessed and the victory for Meade and the Union army realized as soon as that great charge was seen to have failed."

Who Wounded General Hancock? A claimant for the honor of having fired the shot which wounded Gen. Winfield S. Hancock at Gettysburg is put forward by Augustus Michie, of Washington, in behalf of Sergeant W. R. Wood, Company H, Fifty-sixth Virginia, which was part of Garnett's Brigade, of Pickett's division, Longstreet's corps. Mr. Michie says that his brother was commanding Sergeant Wood's company, and gave the order to fire during Pickett's charge July 2, 1863. Captain Michie saw a mounted Federal officer advance at the head of a column of apparently fresh troops. He inquired of his men whether any of them had a cartridge left, and Sergeant Wood replied that he had one, and desired to know whether he should shoot the officer; that he then directed the sergeant to shoot, which he did, and that the Federal officer immediately fell over and would have been dragged by his horse but for assistance rendered by Federal officers, who extricated him.

### A Reminder.

The dedication of another memorial at Antietam serves to recall the fact that this battlefield was the scene of the bloodiest battle of the war of the rebellion. More men were killed on that one day than on any other day of the civil war, the aggregate of the killed, wounded and missing numbering altogether no less than 12,410. There were battles with greater loss of life, but they were not fought out in one day, as at Antietam. At Gettysburg, Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania the fighting covered three days or more; at the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, and Atlanta the losses were divided between two days of fighting; but at Antietam the bloody work commenced at sunrise, and by 4 o'clock that afternoon it was over, and the bloody record was made up.